IN ITS EARLY DAYS WOMEN WERE SCARCE AND MONEY WAS PLENTY.

and "Old Man" Comstock Paid Five Hundred Dollars for a Wife-What the Prospectors Found.

"When old man Comstock, after whom bought George Carter's wife for \$500 and a ments that were soon to follow," said John E. Clark, once familiarly known as "Ophir

"We were then taking out about a nail keg full of dust every week, and naturally e, and Comstock would doubtless epted. Carter, his wife and her

" Carter, what will you take for your will you give? replied Carter,

" Five hundred dollars." "If you will throw in your horse, saddle

went back to work and stayed around for a never heard of him again. After Comstock sold his interest in the Ophir, he and Mrs. Carter went to Placerville, and there, in a few months, they had a row and sep-

covered the Comstock lode," continued Mr. "Joc Winters and I were working mear Forest City, making small returns, when I gave Joe money and told him to go there and buy a claim. He bought an inparty-old man Comstock, Pat McLaughlin, Pete Reilly, Emanuel Penrod, or 'Manny,' as we called him; 'Kaintuck' Osborne, Joe Winters and myself. We had no tents and slept in our blankets under a big spruce We were making anywhere from \$1 to \$6 a day, where we were working. Going back and forward between the spruce tree and our rockers, we for a long time passed over what was afterward the Ophir mine. without paying attention to the bright sand at that point. One day Comstock, in

'Boys, this sand looks very bright,' and he picked up a handful and carried it to one of our rockers. SANDS RICH WITH GOLD.

nearly circular. Its edges were dip to the east. The dirt was extraordimeasured almost literally by the bucketful. We divided our wealth by weighing it on a common set of grocers' scales. It was not ong until our rich strike became generally town of Virginia City, named after a drunken, worthless miner called 'Virginny,' rapidly sprang into existence.

But no one found dirt like that we The great crowd skipped out as the warpath in the spring of 1860. I feel like laughing every time I think of that event. Major Ormsby, who kept a store and the overland stage station, when he heard about the Indians, said, Whenever they see me, boys, those Indians will quiet down. He got together all the miners who had guns and pistols and marched for the seat of war. By the time they found the Indians the men had shot away all of their ammunition at rabbits and birds, and when the Plutis showed up the miners, instead of seeing the Indians running, skipped themselves, and most of them didn't stop run-ning until they were back in California. soon afterward, at the depth of about nine

feet, our mine 'petered out.' The soft easily washed dirt and sand stopped short on a bed of hard, dark-gray rock of ore that we all thought was iron ore. Then the made, under somewhat extraordinary cirmining and did not have any facilities at the pocket we had worked come from? I insted that we have the stuff assayed. I hired a train of pack horses, and after dig-San Francisco and have it assayed. While he was gone we did nothing. In about three weeks 'Judge' returned, and in a very matter-of-fact way confirmed our general opinion that we had struck iron ore. There is a little gold in it,' he said and a little silver, but it don't amount to anything, and isn't worth working."

GETTING AT THE TRUTH. the plot were to quietly buy up the claim. The ore was stored in Davidson's bank, and a suit in replevin had afterward to be

"While we all had no reason to doubt the brought no certificate of the assay with nim caused some talk, but in those days we were careless. In a few days two mud wagonloads of men came, and they quietly egan trying to buy out our interests. Jo Winters and I had a sixth between us. In a short time McLaughlin sold his one-sixth for \$5,000 and Comstock, Penrod and Osborne for about the same amount. They offered Reilly \$10,000 for his one-sixth, and when he, after consideration, refused, they increased the offer to \$20,000. He didn' take that, either, and I think he afterward got something like \$40,000 in all. Winters got rather nervous and wanted to sell, but I told him it looked very suspicious for those men to be anxious to bu the mine so soon after 'Judge' Walsh had come back. We refused to sell. When they found they could not get our sixth they began developments. Some one called it the Ophir, and the mine ever after has gone by that name. It paid dividends from the very start. The vein was about six feet wide, and for 300 feet the ore continued to

maintain its most unexampled richness.
notice by the last report that a total
\$1,514,240 in dividends had been paid. "Of the seven original discoverers of the Comstock, only Joe Winters and myself are living, so far as I know. It is possible Manny' Penrod still lives. He had a ranch on Clear creek, and was once a member of the Nevada Legislature. Theodore Winters, Joe's brother, acquired an interest in the Ophir, and now is well known for, among things, his race horses. Joe great times while his money lasted. As a rule, he was soon broke after he received his dividend, which of course, was a very large sum every month, as he had a twelfth interest. have seen him sitting in a saloon playing seven-up for \$100 a game, when he had no more chance of winning than I have of

discoveries afterward made resulted termining the exact limits of the Com-Only one claim was lo

him up with the idea that spirits had told him where it was and Reilly dus a tunnel eight hundred feet long near Clear creek. The tunnel was like a mole hill, only a few feet under the surface and at a uniform depth."

NO TAILS, NO GO. An Experience in Evening Dress at a High Berlin Function.

"That description of the gala perform-ance at the Berlin Opera House that ap-peared in the Sun," said a man who had spera a winter in the university there, "re-mluded me of an experience that I had the first season that the Kaiser established them. I had been in the habit of going to the opera very regularly, and never thought about making any changes in my dress, Frequently I went straight from one of the late lectures to the opera. But for their first performance of the series the actors from the Royal Theater were to play a German version of 'The Tempest,' and the Emperor and many of the quality were to be present. I wanted to see what sort of appearance so many of them together would present, so with a friend secured tickets ahead of time and got into evening dress. I devoted the usual amount of tim to the details which make a man look well dressed in evening-clothes, had my tie faultlessly arranged, wore patent leather pumps and a dress suit which I had got from a swell London tailor only a few weeks be fore. At the last moment I thought of the scramble at the coat room and the damage it might cause my new coat, so I took off and put on a short dinner coat, which was quite as new and from the hands of the same infallible master that had built

"When I got to the opera house I saw the operation of getting inside was a little more ceremonious than usual. In addition to the two or three men that stood always at the door, there were two others, whose duty was to look the crowd over and see if the gard to full dress. This, with the men, consisted in a careful scrutiny of their coat tails. That established their right to get in without question. When it came my turn to pass before them for their inspection, they nabbed me with promptness and unanimity. I had seen men passing in who wore all sorts of trousers and shoes, neckties and shirts, who had done nothing more to comply with the law than to put on a dress coat. So I was particularly indignant when this committee of two told me that my dress did not comply with the rule, and that

I could not go in. "But,' I said to them, 'this is the English style. It is entirely full dress. Englische Herren moden (English styles for men) are respected in Berlin, and the two hesitated for a moment. But my immaculate shirt and my stiff tie, my patent no avail. My coat had no tails, and I could not go in. Tails were the real criterion of full dress, and I didn't have any. It was not until I had gone home and put on the coat that was supplied with this feature that I got into the Eemperor's gala per-

"After I had been in Berlin a little longer I realized why the committee had so unquestioningly rejected me. The short dinner coats were seized upon by the Berlin youth as the last used in London fashions. But they were regarded as appropriate only for afternoon wear. A checked waist and checked trousers, topped off with a broad-cloth dinner coat, became the fashionable garment for a promenade on the Linden. But swagger as it was there existed that for an occasion when the Emperor had called out his subjects in evening dress. In the case of a man this meant either a uni- of us, but comprehended by few. In the form or a coat with these adjuncts. Noth- height of his favor for reason unknown ing else compensated for them, either, and by this test the civilian had to stand or fall. But the most exasperating feature about my case was that there was not another man in the whole house whose evening dress was quite as perfect in its way as | it and went to Holland. A rich and pious

HAD A FIGHT WITH A DEER.

A Pennsylvania Boy Has an Adventure Somewhat Out of the Common.

Benjamin F. Stover is a well-to-do carpenter, living at Aaronsburg, a little country village that nestles between the Brush The two left home to work on a job they had procured about a mile and a half distant, and while walking along the road they were overtaken by a neighbor. As he was alone in his buggy, he invited the elder Stover to ride with him, the invitation being accepted, and the boy left to complete his

In order to shorten the walk for himself Clarence decided to take a near cut across some fields, and had just started to climb the fence at the roadside when his attention was attracted by light, "crunching hoof-falls" on the frosty ground. On looking in the direction the buggy had taken, was startled to see a full-grown deer trotting toward him. It had evidently come out of the strip of woods in which the two the boy grasped a large stone and waited. In a moment the deer was directly op posite him, and then he raised and threw the stone with all his might. It struck the see the point at which it entered the woods the ground, he reached the top of a little oll in a large field, and, in a cursory way, prise to see the deer lying under a tree just a few rods beyond. With another stone he gave it a second pelt. This time he hit on the head, and must have dazed it, for sprang to its feet and ran directly toward

and just as the deer sped by him he threw himself at it and caught it by one of its hind legs. Both went down together, and a

Deer and boy rolled over and over-the marks of the combat were viewed by many people from the village later-until finally got his knee on its neck and held while he drew his old, rusty penknife and cut its throat. After it was dead he carried it back home on his shoulder, and is now When asked why he did not try to capture

it alive, he replied: "I did think of that when I made up my mind to grab it, but it was too strong for me to hold much longer. It is supposed that the first blow the boy gave the deer must have injured it, else it would not have stopped to lie down such a short distance from the place he had fright-

MARK TWAIN'S COURIER.

Joseph Verey to Become the Third

Joseph Verey, who is well known in al lands by virtue of his career as a courier but especially because Mark Twain put him into his book, "A Tramp Abroad," has come to America to marry a rich widow.
"I came in the second-class," he said to a Sun reporter, "because I felt it was more in keeping with my humble mode of life, and have been so comfortable that I am glad now that I did not come first-class." 'Is this your first trip to America?"

"Yes; my courier days are over, my fortune is made, so to speak, in a peculiar way. You see, this winter, as usual, I took was a rich widow. I paid her no more attention that I did the others in the party, but it was to be. Fate was at work, and when we were about to part my confession did not lag far behind. No, before her steamer put off we were betrothed, and, strange to say, I had never kissed her even. Since then I have been living in a dream dare not think in the future, nor talk of it, my happiness is so near at hand. Here is a letter from her, and she awaits me in New Jersey, where we shall soon be made

"No; I expect to live in Cincinnati, where she has a beautiful home. We are so 'sim-patica' in the best meaning of the word that life with us will be one golden dream," and he clasped his hands and threw back his

"I am fifty years old," he went on, "but my heart beats with the throbs of early manhood, and she shall never, regret this

Then Mr. Verey went on to tell how, b

ing born a Pole, he ran away from a monas-tery, where as an acolyte he had to serve "I would not be a priest," he said. "No. no; I hated it all. But my knowledge of tongues helped me out, until I speak to-day many languages as well as I do English. See, here in Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad." the reference he makes to me in the ond volume. Poor Twain, what fun we had together! He was better at writing than sightseeing, and no matter what he saw or

sightsceing, and no matter what he saw or did not see. I never knew what he would write about it. I hear that, like Sir Walter Scott, he has gone under a horrible wave of debt. Poor, poor fellow!"

"Is your real name Verey?"

"No; Joseph is my own name, but the last one was full of t's, z's and i's and h's, so I concluded to change it. First it was Wery, then it became Verey, and by law at last I had it fixed for good. So she cannot object, you see. It is an honorable name, for I have made it thus." Then, sinking his voice, he explained: "I am her third husband, and she is still young, and so good, so good. But, as I said, I must hold my-

AN OLDEN-TIME IMPOSTOR WHO SWINDLED ITALIAN CATHOLICS,

Stealing Valuable Volumes from the Royal Library.

The conditions of modern life are unfavorable on the grand scale. Mere swindlers we have, as active and at least as ingenious

difficulty. There are plenty on record. In 1823 French society was much interested by the reappearance of the Comte de St. Helene, a wealthy and agreeable young The British Army's Worst Experiman of high family, whose death in Spain had been reported two years before. He had | Sir Evelyn Wood's Recollections. not the least trouble in proving his identity, for everyone recognized him, the royal family included. For form's sake he produced his papers, which were quite correct. The King, delighted, gave him "a step," and a stronger case than Orton's, therefore; we holes on dark nights the men often fell. When the soldier reached his position he ject. For two years he enjoyed himself mightily. At the end of that time, when parading with his squadron at some court | for a working party, nor for a picket in ceremony, a drunken loafer greeted the brilliant captain vociferously as "Ami Cogsenses he persisted that the Comte de St Helene was his old comrade of the hulks. In brief, so it proved; after a sensational trial the hero was condemned to the galleys for life, and died at Toulon sixteen years later. But such impostures are mean beside the grand school of antiquity. Read the amazing tale of Alexander, the Paphlagonian, or that of Peregrinus, which Christian antiquarians have not ceased to discuss -both told with spirit inimitable by Lucian. | frost-bitten and unable to move. The career of the Comte De St. Germain not to be hoped that the world will see guage and grammar to support his fictitious adventures in Formosa. The talent could be found, no doubt, and the impudence, but science would nip the enterprise in the bud.

CAREER OF AYMON. A name of evil celebrity among bibliophiles is that of Jean Aymon. He was a very able man, of course, perhaps a devout Roman Catholic. Pope Innocent XI made him a prothonotary-one of those offices of which the title is a household word to most height of his favor, for reason unknownprobably unedifying-Aymon fled to Switzerland and became a Protestant. There, also, he made an excellent position-deserted widow fell in love with him, his eloquent preaching charmed the Dutch, and for some years wealth and fashion kept him quiet. Suddenly he declared his intention of visitness which would bring great advantage to the Christian faith; when his admiring friends left him, however, he went to Paris. There the extraordinary man presented nimself to M. Clement, keeper of the Bibliotheque du Roi, professing such remorse for his apostasy that Clement was persuaded of Paris. That dignitary, overjoyed to recover such a precious soul, enjoined a plous "retreat" for six months, but he alowed Aymon to pass the time in the royal

Before the six months expired, however, e was back in Holland with a number of large and heavy boxes, and there, in no long time, he announced the publication of various works profoundly interesting to scholars council at Jerusalem, of which the only manuscript known lay in the Bibliotheque vertisement, and rushed to his shelves-his manuscript was gone. There was no catalogue of the library. What Aymon took never will be known. But he had foraged at will among the unique and priceless treasures which were the glory of the collection. Fourteen sheets, even, had he torn from the Bible of St. Denys itself—these were recovered from the Baron Von Stocks years afterward; thirty-five sheets from the seventh century manuscript of the Pauline epistles-Earl Midleton returned never been heard of. Volumes of secret dispatches, confidential letters from popes -the sagacious and erudite Aymon had patiently overhauled the lot and appropriated the most valuable. For a century the officials of the Bibliotheque, supported by government, were negotiating, intriguing and as they could identify from the persons to whom he sold them. The thief, meanwhile, lived in high consideration at Amsterdam and died in the odor of sanctity. The Dutch government would not be persuaded nor coerced to proceed against him, and his congregation never lost faith. REMARKABLE LICENSES.

gin's Mission to China." Some weeks after brought a proclamation to his lordship, official paper, signed and countersigned and sealed. It read, in Chinese: "Whereas, The ity, two mace per acre shall be paid into the British office at Ning-i-Tong (the hall peace and patriotism), at tong, to which all cultivators are directed to repair on Oct. 30, or the two following days, will receive a license under seal, "which wil be recognized all over the earth." Any cultivator who presumed to cut his grain without such license would be seized forthwith "by the vessels of the Ning-i-Tong of Great Britain," and carried to the said hall, there to be punished for contempt and to lose the whole of his property besides. Rice junks must be registered without a moment's delay, their papers vised and indorsed. The proclamation, in fact, was a masterpiece of business-like drafting. It did not come to the knowledge of the British authorities until Nov. 1, and for two days money had been pouring into hall of peace and patriotism. When Mr. Wade hurried to the spot he found a crowd struggling for admission. Six persons of the most dignified appearance sat at a table. They were arrested, but somehow only one could be proved guilty—the compadre who had suplied her Majesty's ships with provisions. The story reminds us of a certain Abbe Gerace, who played tricks al-most as bold when the French The abbe, a jovial little man, much like a ball in figure, made himself a great favorite with officers, and then volunteere to clear the provinces of brigands if in-trusted with a sufficient force. General Parthouseaux gave him four companies hassieurs, with whom he scoured the country and on several occasions surprised a brigand camp in the most satisfactory manner. The abbe was disguised in uniform, but every morning he resumed the clerical attire and rode off, with his personal attendants, to get information, as he said; on his return the troops marched, never resting two nights in the same spot.

It came out afterward that he visited al the wealthy people of the neighborhood and showed a written order from the general diecting that such and such a sum should levied from such and such a notability: lertook to settle the latter at 50 per ent. discount or so. It is not extraordinary inder the circumstances that no sus was aroused during several weeks of inces sant marching. Then he led the detachmen into an ambuscade and vanished with many thousand pounds in his saddle bags. The French and afterward the Neopolitan authorities offered a large sum for the arrest of the Abbe Gerace. But he was never

Among the Snobs. New York Mail and Express.

except the rich can afford to en expense of flowers alone would de the rice and the more moderately endowed the war of independence Macdonald became pletes its circuit through the air. It is but a descriptive term. Its original mean-

building was erected, the architect was restrained from building a larger ball room by the advice of a certain great lady, her reason being, as she explained to her friends, that she desired to keep the numbers small. To the remonstrance of a lady who, although occupying a fine position, was not rich, and moreover had several daughters in society, she replied that her purpose was to prevent poor girls from participating even in these events. "If the list is small the amount of the subscription must be larger in proportion." she said. Hence the size of Sherry's ball room. The fact is that people of small resources are not wanted. A matron of society, the wife of a very prominent New Yorker, recently expressed her views on the subject by saying that she never asked anybody to her house who had not at least \$30,000 a year. "Not that my guests' money can do me any good," she added, "but because I have decided that people with less than that canas in any former age, but the progress of | not properly entertain me in return, and of as in any former age, but the progress of science and the decline of faith unite in destroying the frame of mind which encouraged the grand impostors of old. Such attempts as Arthur Orton's will always be made from time to time, but with increasing difficulty. There are plenty on record.

THEIR HARDEST CAMPAIGN.

ence Was in the Crimea.

In the early part of the winter the batalions in the front were generally on duty two nights out of three, and later every alternate night. The life of the rank and tered, carrying great coat and blanket, just before dusk, and marched through a sea when he rejoined his regiment officers and of mud into the trenches. These were cut men recognized him unanimously. This was up by deep holes, from which bowlders and stones had been taken, and into these it must be supposed that they did not ob- had to sit with his back to the parapet body to allow others to pass along the four-foot-wide trench. If he was not detailed might lie down, resting as best he could in a wet ditch. * * The relief of the sentries could snatch a dog's sleep for four police arrested him On recovering his hours out of six, hoping their comrades would, by remaining on the alert, give them time to jump up ere the enemy was on them; but for the two hours that each man was out near the enemy the strain on the nervous system would have been These sentries had necessarily to stand absolutely still, silent and watchful, and as the severity of the winter became more and more marked, numbers of men whose frames were weakened by want of adequate nutritious food were found in the morning "One battalion which landed nearly nine

> bodily strength, that it was unable for some time to go there again. * * * When the soldier got back to camp he used to lie often in a puddle which chilled his bones, under a worn-out tent, through which the rain beat. The less robust would fall asleep completely worn out, to awake shivering, and in many cases to be carried to a hospital tent, scarcely more comfortable than the tent which they had left, and thence to a grave in two or three and roasted the green coffee ration in the tin of the canteen, afterward, as already described, pounding it in a fragment of a shell with a stone, ere they boiled it for use. Others unequal to this laborious process would drink their rum, and eating a plece of biscuit, lie down again in the great coat and blanket which they had brought, often wet through, from the

'fatigue' duty from five to seven miles, acnecessary from time to time to tell off men to bury the quantities thrown away. Salt pork, which was issued two days out of seven, was frequently eaten by the men in its raw state from the difficulties of find-

ing fuel to cook it. "Shortly before dark the soldier either narched back to the trenches or laid down to sleep if he was not on picket in front of the camp. Many men, disliking to report themselves sick, were carried back from the trenches in the morning and died a few merely a bell tent; here the men lay, often in mud, on the ground, and in many instances their diet was only salt meat and biscuit. They were, moreover, so crowded together that the doctors could scarcely ways lend us mule-litter transport, many were necessarily carried on cavalry horses, which, slipping on the hill outside of Balaklava, often caused further injury or the

"On more than one occasion, as I was returning from Balaklava, I met a party of sick, mainly frost-bitten, riding cavalry ing the men on; but the ground was often covered with snow and very slippery, and on the hill above Kadikoi I once saw every man dashed to the ground from the horses slipping and falling on the hillside. Later the sick who were unable to hold on were fastened into the saddles, and some died on the journey."

FLORA MACDONALD.

The Genuine Heroine of a Scotch His-

torical Romance.

Flora Macdonald plays so prominent a part in the romance of "Prince Charlie" that it is surprising to find that she is only now about to obtain the cheap distinction of "memorial." Possibly, her countrymen at the time of her death were too near "the '45," and the pains and penalties attaching to that untoward rising, to consider it prunarrowly escaped paying on Tower Hill for her share in it. At a later date, when to have been out in the '45 was a claim to respect, there was no such necessity for discretion. But by that time a merely sentimental interest attached to Flora Macdon-ald, and possibly the Scots of 1790 had come to the conclusion that the woman who requires a monument of stone to keep her fame alive had better be permitted to drop into the modified oblivion of a biographical dictionary. At all events, the heroine of the young pretender was laid to rest in Kilmuir kirkyard, wrapped in a plaid that had been "the Prince's," her grave marked by an Iona cross of Aberdeen granite, reared as late as 1880. This might, perhaps, have been sufficient monument. But one of her many descendants has now ordered a stained glass window to be erected in a church in the Isle of Skye, "the home of the Macdonalds," as we are somewhat grandiloquently told. In reality, Flora was not of gentle blood, except in so far that every member of a Highland clan is, or was, the chief's cousin, and, therefore, a remote member of the same family. Her father was a "tacksman," or tenant farmer, at Milton, in South Uist, where she was born in 1722.

Her childhood was unhappy. For at two she lost her father, and four years later her mother either deserted her, or was ab-ducted to Skye by Hugh Macdonald, of Uist with her brother, and at thirteen found a good friend in Lady Clanranald, the wife of her chief. By this excellent woman the girl was sent to an Edinburg school, and brought up in a manner to which the tacksman's daughter could not otherwise have aspired. A Celtic woman is, however, so society, so that when Flora returned to the Hebrides she was quite fitted to take her place as the chief's adopted daughter. A few months later the Highlands were set on fire by the rebellion of 1745. It is said that Flora did not sympathize with the rising. But as the inmate of a Jacobite house and the friend of hundreds who had house, and the friend of hundreds who lost all at Culloden, it is, at least, proba that she was not a very infatuated admirer of the Hanoverian King. At all events, when "Bonnie Prince Charlie arrived at Ormiclade, ten weeks after his rout on Culloden Moor, hunted by the troops of "Butcher Cumberland," and with a price on his head, Flora was as much Jacobite

with the prince; and certainly, though all chevalier," no breath of scandal has eve attached to her. Disguised as "Betty Burke," she conveyed him, during three perilous days, from Ormiclade, in Benbecula, to Monkstadt, in Skye, and then by way of Kingsburg, to Portree, almost hourly in peril of capture. Then she re-turned home, having performed what she regarded as a duty to a hunted refugee. It was but one incident out of many five months' hiding and wanderings. B when, in due time, Flora was arrested for her share in what she never concealed, after the Prince was safe, she became heroine, and in Leith Roads and at Lond was feted on board the troop ship even becopie whose loyalty was undoubted, and. After a few months' imp

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cording to the position of his camp, usually to Balaklava, to bring up rations. On his return he had again to gather fuel in order to boil the salt beef or salt pork in his mess tin, which did not hold water enough to abstract the salt. A portion of the meat, therefore, only was consumed, and it was necessary from time to time to tell off men to bury the quantities thrown away. Salt

5 and 7 West Washington St.

her arm broken. The rest of her life, which ended on the 5th day of March, 1790, luin, was uneventful. She was a quiet, unaffected woman, who neither sought nor avoided conversation on the incident which guest at Kingsburgh in 1773, and admired her "gentle manners and elegant presence." And every one will agree with his opinion that Flora Macdonald will be a name men-tioned in history, "and, if courage and fidelity are virtues, mentioned with honor,

MAN AS A LIGHTNING ROD.

He Is a Conductor Between the Air Above and the Earth Below.

It is possible, and even probable, that the an important bearing on bodily health. As evidence of this may be instanced that tendency to headache, irritability and general malaise experienced by many persons the conditions that predispose to sunstroke in India there has been noticed that peculiar condition of the air "in which the hairs of a horse's tail repel each other, in which which a man exposed to its influence becomes irritable, headachy and restless without knowing exactly what is the matter with him." Various observers have receded by an increased frequency of cases of heat apoplexy. Whether this phenor non be strictly attributable to electrical condition, to the heat, to some alteration in the respirability of the air, or to other As to the source of atmospheric tricity there are many hypotheses, but little thunder cloud still awaits solution; yet this it is safe to say that the electrification ence of pote al between the earth and the

air goes c.. mcreasing. The body of a man standing on the earth's surface, and hav-ing, therefore, the earth's potential, may be regarded as a discharging point doing its best to effect the restoration of electric equilibrium between the earth and the air in its vicinity. This process will continue until, either by a steady discharge or by the disruptive discharge of the thunder storm, tension is relieved and equilibrium been suffering from an accelerated rate of regarded as a connection between earth and

air, it is to be remembered that the difference of potential between the two latter, and, therefore, between the head and feet of the man, is subject to various sudden and extensive fluctuations. A potential difference at one moment of sands. Experimenting in the isle of Arran, tial between the earth and an insulated burning match at a height of nine feet to He points out that the gradual variations frequently rising to twenty times the ordition, wafted along with the gentle winds of five feet, or ten feet, or fifteen feet a second. If, therefore, the body be sub-jected to such variations of potential as oc-Lord Kelvin speaks, much more formid-able must be the conditions that exist between the earth and the heavily charged thunder cloud. The animal body, accustomed as it has become to its electrical environment, and little of potential, may nevertheless be seriously influenced by the severer manifestations of the thunder storm. Questions of this kind raise some interesting points in connection with the therapeutic use of the so-called electrostatic bath. This consists, as is well known, of the simple placing of the insulated body in connection with one or other pole of the static machine. Not that under these conditions the electricity is strictly "static" or at rest; the body of the patient is traversed by a current at very high potential, which com-

ing being about 1-40,000th of an ampere. For creased action of the skin; an influence on and the depth of the respirations, as well as increased excretion of urea and phosphates Now, reverting to what has been already stated, it is evident that a living body exists on the earth under definite, although changeable conditions. In point of fact, it lives and moves and has its being in an electrostatic bath. The kind of bath-that is, the electrical condition of the air, and, therefore, of the earth-varies with the weather. There seems to be "a normal fair weather positive of natural atmospheric electricity." On a cloudy day the sign varies. How far do facts of this kind help to explain the influence of weather upon health? It has been suggested that, inasmuch as the neurasthenic, the gouty, the rheumatic and persons suffering from dis-ease of the spinal cord are better on a clear day than on a cloudy one, the indication. It must be in the highest degree diffi cult to trace such effects to the electrical rather than to the hygrometric or other conditions of the atmosphere. Still, vague as such conjectures are, it is not impossible that the electrical conditions of the air may eventually furnish the key to treatment

ADAM AND THE APPLE A Preacher Who Regards the Story as

Merely an Allegory. Rev. L. H. Squires preached, last evening, at the First Universalist Church, from the theme, "Adam and that Apple," taking his text from Genesis, iti, 22, which reads: "And the Lord God said, behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." The sermon was, in part, as follows: "Shakspeare says: 'The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.' But we have dis-covered that the devil can use Scripture for his purpose in other ways than cite it. He can secure the printers and the artists to aid

line to picture plate. Our fancy Bibles, with gilt clasps and a pious cross on the cover, ideas and wrong impressions, especially Adam and Eve in the garden engaged in the giving advice to the woman, while Adam stands a little further away in a dejected attitude, apparently that of a man waiting for his wife to get through saying good-by to a friend, while lying at their feet is the apple, with a piece bitten out of one side. Under the picture is the title, 'Eating the Forbidden Fruit's about 15 to 15 Forbidden Fruit,' while the Scripture reference is added, apparently to prove that the artist has pictured God's eternal truth.
"Now, perhaps this is all right and no harm done for those who look at these illustrations from the standpoint of the art critic. The pictures may be good. The drawings of the figures may be faultless. And perhaps no harm will come to that other considerable number of people who utilize their family Bibles as a convenient receptacle for pressed leaves. Dore's devils may not disturb them at all. But when in-experienced and susceptible children are taught to look upon the book in whatsoever form as sacred and infallible, from sheep-skin to punctuation points, and when they are led to look upon those pictures as representations of literal and historical truth, false and wrong impressions are made, which will have to be unlearned with many a severe trial to their faith in after years. No. Dore may be an artist, but he has made a very poor use of the Scriptures when he undertakes to illustrate the Bible to be literally portrayed, but allegory. be interpreted by brains as well as brushes.
"The story of Eden, if interpreted literally, is not only utterly useless, but it becomes supremely ridiculous, morally involved, un-Christian and unjust. No wonder it has been made a fit subject for burlesque. Destiny hanging on the bite of an apple; knowledge forbidden to God's children. The serpent the only truthful and successful one in the party. Woman ahead of man in sin. Man last where there was something to eat. No, it is incredible. It s an un-Christian story, for we are taught says, 'Man by that act became as God,' vet he is cursed for it. The fact is that out of study of this incident as literally interpreted the serpent emerges as the only victorious one, the woman as the only villain, and the man is the only fool. But as allegory the story becomes beautiful and suggestive.

"Adam to not the name of an individ

graphically. It means literally a pleasure ness; in a word, life itself. The serpent It is the soul hunger in man which pushes gained, the experience tasted. It is the eating of this apple of experience which opens our eyes to good and evil. It gives birth to a sense of guilt and righteon The flaming sword represents the awakene "Unto the woman He said: 'I will great-ly multiply thy sorrows.' And to Adam. 'In sorrow shalt thou eat of the earth all the days of thy life. Yes, here is a world-wide and awful fact. The granite rock may have no sorrows, but the softened, quickened heart of flesh aches with sympathy for the woes of others. As sensi increases we feel more keenly human woes But after all the seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Here in Eden's loss and ruin is spoken to man the hope of final good. Desire, aspiration, ambition, may bruised and bleeding feet, but after all it is the pathway of the pilgrim's real progress, and through the bitter and sweet of numan experience awakened to the knowledge of our imperfections and weighed with a sense of responsibility, guided by the liv-ing flame of conscience within us, turn our backs forever on ignorant Eden of our infancy and journey forth to become as gods in the enlightened paradise of those royal souls who through struggles shall at last overcome the world.

Absolutely Necessary. Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

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"That's all right," replied the Horse Editor. "How can Turkey be properly basted

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